

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 384.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 20.

## To the Mocking-Bird.

Carolling bird, that merrily, night and day,  
Tellect thy raptures from the rustling spray,  
And wakest the morning with thy varied lay,  
Singing thy matins—

When we have come to hear thy sweet oblation  
Of love and joyance from thy sylvan station,  
Why, in the place of musical cantation,  
Balk us with pratings?

We stroll by moonlight in the dusky forest,  
Where the tall cyprus shields thee, fervent chorist!  
And sit in haunts of Echoes, when thou pourest  
Thy woodland solo.

Hark! from the next green tree thy song commences:  
Music and discord join to mock the senses,  
Repeated from the tree-tops and the fences,  
From hill and hollow.

A hundred voices mingle with thy clamor;  
Bird, beast, and reptile take part in thy drama;  
Outspeak they all in turn without a stammer—  
Brisk Polyglot!

Voices of Killdeer, Plover, Duck, and Dotterel;  
Notes bubbling, hissing, mellow, sharp, and guttural;  
Of Cat-Bird, Cat, or Cart-Wheel, thou canst utter all,  
And all-untaught.

The Raven's croak, the chirping of the Sparrow,  
The scream of Jays, the creaking of Wheelbarrow,  
And hoot of Owls—all join the soul to harrow,  
And grate the ear.

We listen to thy quaint soliloquizing,  
As if all creatures thou wert catechizing,  
Tuning their voices, and their notes revising,  
From far and near.

Sweet bird! that surely lovest the noise of folly;  
Most musical, but never melancholy;  
Disturber of the hour that should be holy,  
With sound prodigious!

Fie on thee, O thou feathered Paganini!  
To use thy little pipes to squawk and whinny,  
And emulate the hinge and spinning jenny,  
Making night hideous!

Provoking melodist! why canst thou breathe us  
No thrilling harmony, no charming pathos,  
No cheerful song of love without its bathos?

The Furies take thee—

Blast thy obstreperous mirth, thy foolish chatter—  
Gag thee, exhaust thy breath, and stop thy clatter,  
And change thee to a beast, thou senseless prater!  
Nought else can check thee!

A lengthened pause ensues—but hark again!  
From the new woodland, stealing o'er the plain,  
Comes forth a sweeter and a holier strain!—  
Listening delighted,

The gales breathe softly, as they bear along  
The warbled treasure—the delicious throng  
Of notes that swell accordant in the song,  
As love is plighted.

The Echoes, joyful from their vocal cell,  
Leap with the winged sounds o'er hill and dell,  
With kindling fervor, as the chimes they tell  
To wakeful Even—

They melt upon the ear; they float away—  
They rise, they sink, they hasten, they delay,  
And hold the listener with bewitching sway,  
Like sounds from heaven!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Diarist Abroad.

(TRIP TO BRESLAU, (CONCLUDED).)

Another feature of these promenades and gardens is the multitude of birds; and so tame. Cowper makes Alexander Selkirk say the tameness of the fowl on his lonely island was shocking to him, on the principle, put in another form, of the English sailor cast away on an unknown shore: "Hallo, Jack, we are in a civilized country—there's the gallows!" I do not remember myself to have ever been shocked by the tameness of wild animals, save in the everlasting forests of Lake Superior by the mosquitos. That was dreadful! But the tameness of the birds here is delightful, and many a pfennig-worth of bread have I scattered to the sparrows and finches which came hopping about under our very tables.

Speaking of birds. Frau Professorinn gave me a large room on the lower floor, the windows opening into a fine garden. There, with my window open, I could lie and hear a nightingale piping away deliciously, and in the morning such a chirping and twittering from the multitude of sparrows and finches you never did hear! But my favorite songster lived with his wife, somewhere on the town side of the principal bastion, among the thick shades and shrubbery there to be found. Others noticed him too. He used to sit—the little snuff-colored scamp—upon a twig—with his eyes half shut, like an affected Italian vocalist, occasionally deigning to cock an eye towards—and pipe as if the existence of all things depended upon his industry. He sang from the tip of his bill to the tip of his tail. He sang all over and all through; and when a dozen passers-by stopped to listen, he seemed to feel bound to do a little extra, and would wind up with *such* a flourish! But generally his aspect was that of one who was only bent upon trying just for his own amusement to see what he could do, and enjoying every note with his whole soul. The variety of his notes, their loudness and clearness, their softness and delicacy, was amazing. Still, I cannot say that his music upon the whole was more delicious and perfect than that of the thrush, which the two schoolmistresses and I heard on our way home from Thayer's rocks last year, in Massachusetts. But then you must go out into the woods to find the thrush, while here nightingales live in the gardens of the city. Nor does his song strike me as beyond that of the mocking bird—but we do not have him often so far North as New England, I believe. Taking the habits of the nightingale into consideration, we have near Boston no bird to make his place good. Why do all the poets—not all, but nearly all—talk about the nightingale's plaintive notes, as Beattie's "sad strain of lone Philomel," and so on? I took pains to recall to memory the allusions to the bird, so far as I could, in my poetic readings (in the school books, when I was a boy), and could think of but one in which his song was represented as cheerful, namely, in Cowper's Nightingale and Glowworm—

"A nightingale that all day long

Had cheered the village with his song." &c.

The rest all made him a sad, melan-holy, broken-hearted little fellow, just on the point of "giving out," with all the enjoyments of life at an end, and his last hope faded. So when the Professor told me already in Berlin about the nightingale in his garden, I prepared my handkerchief with a red pepper that I might worthily sympathize with him—the bird, not the Prof.—in his grief. I had to have the handkerchief washed without using it, for I could not detect a single minor third in all the little fellow's warblings. And as to that little "cock of the walk" behind the bastion, he was the very soul and spirit of jolly gaiety and cheerful song incarnated.

At length I took the case with my doubts to the Professor. I pro- and he ex-pounded.

"All these, which you have heard," said he, "have their wives and families. But if you could hear them, when they first come North in the Spring and go courting."

"Say no more—say no more, professor,—nothing short of funeral marches of the wretchedest cast—yes, yes, I understand. I was myself—once—in—!!" So I suppose the poets are after all right.

The fourth day in Breslau was a Sunday and was musical. At nine A. M. to the Bernardin church, where the music director (protestant church) celebrated the close of fifty years of service! The organ loft was hung with wreaths and the old man was received with all due honor. But as I sent the slips from the newspapers containing an account of the whole affair home, I will not tarry on it.

Thence to the Catholic cathedral. Some four years ago I sent you an enthusiastic account of the boy choir here, together with some original anecdotes of Mendelssohn, by a personal acquaintance of his, and the letter miscarried. I was prepared now to expect much, but not too much. I wanted some friends to listen with me to the strange old chants of the priests—from the aged, gray-headed man down to the young fellow just tonsured, who had better be in our great West fighting nature, rather than here combatting his own natural instincts—who with the men and boys of the choir, went in solemn procession round through the grand old aisles of the church, now stopping at some chapel, while the choir fell into a gloriously beautiful melody, with equally fine harmonies sustained by superb bass voices, and then moving on again to the sound of the old Gregorian tunes—and so alternately.

By and by the procession ended; the array entered the choir, and the singing men and boys made their way up into the organ loft. Their number appeared to be eight or ten boys and as many men, but all select, choice voices. The mass was not grand music, but exceedingly pleasing, and the character of the various phrases of the text well given. I was so much pleased with it as to stop one of the men afterwards and ask him about its author. From what he told me and

what I have since learned I make a paragraph:

The composer was Robert Fuehrer, an illegitimate son of Wittasek, who fifty years ago was one of the musical notables of Prague, and perhaps one of the best church composers of the time. He was music director at the church of St. Veit. This son, Fuehrer, had a true genius for music, and it was cultivated to the highest degree. In course of time he reached his father's place as Director at St. Veit, and was also professor in the very fine organ school at Prague. But his habits were very bad, excessively so, and he became very lazy about composition. At one time he made a contract with a publisher to furnish several masses, suitable for such choirs as this at Breslau, — I think ten was the number, — and soon ran deeply in debt to the publisher. There was no getting anything from him, and after waiting a reasonable time the creditor clapped him into jail and kept him there — not long though — until he had finished the manuscripts. Finally, poor Fuehrer ran all down and had to leave Prague. He is, or was recently, in Gratz, having another position as music director, but his compositions have lost nearly all their originality. Pity, for he had a truly beautiful, though not grand and sublime, original style. On some occasion — it was in Salzburg — there was a great meeting of musicians. Among other pastimes they collected in a church and each was to show his powers on the organ by an extemporaneous prelude and then by working out a theme to be drawn from a hat. Some mean fellows had taken pains to make poor Fuehrer intoxicated, and when he was taken up to the organ he could hardly sit upon the seat. A friend who was with him and felt for him, aided him for a few minutes with the registers, until he saw that he was not too far gone to play and then left him. His performance proved to be the masterpiece of the occasion.

It was one of the jail compositions of this poor fellow which, exquisitely sung with organ and a small orchestra, so much delighted me.

Three Sundays during my stay in B. I attended the mass, and each time had the old longing desire for the introduction of good music into our congregational worship. This thinking of home on all such occasions, with a silent comparison of what is and what might be, is becoming a millstone around the neck of almost every such musical enjoyment. So it was, on the evening of May 17th, when I went to the theatre to hear opera. A small, neat and excellent room, acoustically, have the Breslauers. The machinery and scenery is, as in all German theatres, half a century in advance of anything which our cities can show, as any American who has had opportunities to observe will tell you. Those good fellows in Dresden, C. particularly, discussed this matter with me the other day, and this idea was expressed in much stronger terms than I have used. The theatre not being very large, good voices of much less power and strength than are necessary in Berlin, tell well. Hence you can often hear performances by singers, which you will feel to be of more beauty and grace than those of many a great singer in a large theatre. The latter would be rough and unpleasant in a small room, the former hardly audible in a large one. I remember how differently that exquisite vocalist and actress, Frau Bürde-Ney, prima donna at Dresden, struck me on her own stage, and in the much larger house at Berlin. Well then, I found no

great singer at Breslau, but all were sufficiently good to make their parts pleasing and interesting. All seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, and the pieces were exceedingly well put upon the stage. It was a quiet little evening of simple operatic enjoyment; there had been no fuss made, no display, no addresses to the public by the manager, no flaming notices in the papers; simply an announcement of the pieces to be performed. These Breslauers are of opinion that the support of an opera — small, but complete, and in the native tongue — is a great means of refining and cultivating the public taste, especially in music, and conceive it a matter of public importance. So whether the houses be full or not, they pay their regular troop of performers their salaries and keep the opera going. The city does this as it does other things, which I have recorded as proving their benighted condition. Will you believe it, they have a large gallery in the cock-loft, where the poor people can see and hear quite well at an expense of some 12 1-2 cents!

On this evening the performances opened with a neat little operetta — in fact a farce idealized and refined by music, which was by Flotow. Very funny and very well done too. The music capital. Then came Offenbach's "Betrothal by the Lantern," to which I say ditto, only intensified. And at the close Mendelssohn's First Finale to "Lorely," with a fine Rhine scene of rocks and crags and flowing waters and nymphs and water spirits of both sexes. Now all this I enjoyed exceedingly, for the singers were good, their acting very fair, the orchestra small but elegant, the chorus, both vocal and tripping-fantastic-toe-sical, very fair, and well drilled — and all for 37 1-2 cents of our money.

Then the old grief — why can't we have this at home.

The next evening I went again, but this time to hear Father Haydn's "Seasons." The stage was fitted up to receive both chorus and orchestra. In front sat about twenty-five women, then several lines of boy sopranos and alti, then the tenors and basses, and behind all, so that their notes should support the vocal forces and pervade the voice parts — not come out into the house with the voices lagging behind, a large orchestra was arranged. The perfection with which that boy chorus executed the sometimes difficult music of the oratorio, would have been a lesson to any chorus which I know at home. Why does no Society with us ever sing the "Seasons"? It is one of the most enjoyable works ever written. There is music in it for every auditor; from the simplest song and ballad up to some of Haydn's grandest instrumental and choral productions. It is so fresh and beautiful, so youthful, that one can hardly believe the testimony of history that it is the production of an old man nearly seventy years of age.

I spent another evening at the opera. "Tell" was given, with Ander, the deservedly famous Vienna tenor. Of course the piece was somewhat shorn of its dimensions, but the omissions were judiciously made and the result highly gratifying.

"Blessed is he that expects nothing, for he shall get it and not be disappointed"; a beatitude which long experience has proved true. Yet the rule has its exceptions, as I found in Breslau.

Now the thing was upon this wise:

My general antiquarianism made me acquainted with a Professor, who is also one of the Librarians of the great University Library, with its 3 to 400,000 volumes, and his accomplished wife, a fine musician, told me of Ernemann and the wife of a banker — the former a director of a musical society in B. and a teacher, the latter a lady of high culture especially in music, at whose house I should find a large collection of musical autographs. I called on Ernemann, and found a small, gentlemanly man, now advanced in years, but who retains a most lively recollection of his visit to Beethoven more than 35 years ago. It was delightful to listen to him as he spoke with all the enthusiasm of a young man of the great master, and of his intercourse with Franz Schubert. But his narrative is not for this place.

At the house of the banker Landberg I was received with the utmost kindness and politeness, by the lady, and found a rare collection indeed. The history of it is this: a brother of the banker devoted himself to music, and having plenty of means at his command determined to make a great collection of musical autographs. He succeeded admirably. Hardly a great composer of recent times is unrepresented. Of Beethoven there are seven musical sketch books and nine letters. The collector spent several years in Rome and died there a year or two since, and thus his manuscripts came to be with his brother in Breslau. There was some talk, as I learned, of selling the collection at auction in Berlin; I urged the keeping it together, and went so far as to try to get some intimation of a price for the whole; but neither the present possessors nor any of their friends in Breslau, seem to have any more idea of the value of the collection in money than I have myself. Have I not cause to be thankful? for the lady gave me correct copies of all the letters.

Perhaps the name Carl Reinecke is familiar to you as one of the younger class of composers in Germany. He has been called to Breslau to fill the vacant place of Mosewius. I found him looking younger than I expected, some 30 or 35, an enthusiastic musician, and not carried away by modern vagaries.

Here in Breslau I had occasion to notice again, what I have often spoken of in my letters, the real musical culture of men known to the world as men of science and literature. One professor, who has a wide fame as a naturalist, plays with his wife symphonies and other music for four hands, arranged or written. The wife of another is a leading member of the Sing Akademie; and so on. Sometimes I find such a man with whom painting is a passion, and the passion is indulged at leisure hours. They go on the principle that any artistic gift is to be cultivated, that it is no waste of time to give a boy a thorough musical education, even though destined to science or one of the learned professions. And is not the principle a sound one?

A Paris correspondent of the *Transcript* writes: The Grand Opera is keeping on its old track with the *Herculanum* and the *Sicilian Vespers*. Last Monday the *Prophete* was given for the 232d time. Vestvali is said to be preparing to appear there. Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi* is now being translated into French, and will soon be in rehearsal for her first appearance.



### The Twaddle of Business.

There is, to our ear, no twaddle so insufferable as that which has begun to be so rife in large cities like New York, where money is the chief end of man, and where, therefore, only so-called business (or those peculiar and distinct Wall street operations by which money is, more or less honestly, made) is considered the legitimate sphere of occupation. Why, these people have come to consider everybody who occupies himself with anything else than merchandise, or shaving notes, or speculating in stocks, as a sort of fancy people, who live by their wits, in a hand-to-mouth, shiftless kind of way! At least is this true as to literary and art persons, who are nothing short of an equivocal, dreamy, useless kind of folk, that live and die in a garret; and who, being of no money account in Wall street, are of no account anywhere.

And yet this very merchant or capitalist who struts Wall street—what would he do without his daily paper, and how would his up-town house look without a book, a picture, or an engraving in it?—albeit, the book be never opened—the picture, directly before his eyes on the wall, never seen!

Even regarded from a money point of view, one would think that an artist who paints in a year a picture like Church's "Heart of the Andes," for which he promptly refuses ten thousand dollars, expecting, justly, to realize twenty before he parts with it; or an author like Dickens or Thackeray, to whom twenty thousand dollars a year is no very extraordinary pay for scribbling; or a composer like Meyerbeer or Verdi, whose earnings are similarly grandiose; or even a poor devil of a singer, who makes his thousand dollars or more a month, clear money—that such people would command the respect of old Firkin. But no, his eyes are blinded to such results. He thinks there must be some *hocus poeas* in the matter, and that it can never be clear money in hand—at all events, the method in which it was made was not legitimate.

Legitimacy of occupation, in the Wall street sense, includes in its signification (with much that is noble, and elevated, and admirable) not a little that is mean and sordid, and avaricious, and contemptible—not to say dishonest and positively criminal.

We often look at these so-called hardworking "business" folk, too, and contrast their ideas of hard-work with those of a writer, a painter, a composer, or any of the so-considered fancy tribe. Your writer, who sits in one spot three, or four, or five, or even six hours on a stretch, not exercising a merely inferior mechanical power of calculation, but that far higher power of actual invention, which so wrings and exhausts the brain—your artist, who stands before his canvas till he is ready to drop there—your composer, whose musical score, with its myriads of notes, blinds the eyes and wears out the life—even your poor technical student of music, who is training his fingers into those miracles of rapidity and combination by the eight hours (as we have known them to do) consecutively: these are mere idlers—according to Firkin's ideas.

But now look at Firkin himself, and his salesmen and clerks. Bounding our vision to the New York horizon, see them sailing down the cool side of Broadway on a fine Summer's morning (the cool side of an omnibus containing a large portion of them), snuffing the breeze that sweeps up from the bay, over the battery, and throwing open their light summer coats to catch it, perhaps smoking their aromatic Havana weed, and altogether in a state of great delectability. See them arrive at their spacious and cool warehouses, or at their comfortably-furnished and luxurious counting-rooms, seat themselves in leather-cushioned arm-chairs, put their feet up, peruse the morning papers, the while their clerks outside, behind or beside the dry-goods boxes, absorb themselves in "What will he do with it," or "Love me little, love me long," or Lord Dufferin's "Yacht Voyage." This, or the like of it, we protest we have time and again seen them do—aye, within these few weeks, during a chance perambulation through the "business" quarters of New York. Perhaps customers come in: perhaps (particularly during the summer solstice) they don't. Twelve o'clock brings the saunter to Downing's or Delmonico's, and thereupon the claret cobbler, or the mint julep, with Delmonico's newly-contrived beef or lobster salad—perhaps the pastry, with which half Young America is ruining its stomach. From lunch to dinner-time is a pleasant and luxurious amalgam of a saunter on "Change, cigars, chat, a stroke or two of business—and et ceteras. Then flows the tide of these hard-worked, and over-worked business men up-town again to luxurious dinners, drives, and evening entertainments.

Business?—twaddle! Let many a representative of the so-called fancy people give them the first idea of the true significance of that word—if the sense of

it have any affinity with industry!—*Willis's Musical World.*

**OPERATIC MATTERS.**—No official report has yet been issued in regard to the prospects for the approaching fall and winter seasons of Opera. The public is left to form its own impression in regard to the novelties to be produced, and the new singers who are to be brought across the Atlantic for our amusement. All that is known is embraced in the statement that the Directors of the New York Academy have liberally subscribed to assist Mr. Ullman in making engagements, and that twenty thousand dollars, (which means about ten,) have been placed in his hands for the purpose of securing the best talent that can be induced to risk the perils of the deep, and the trying effects of an unsettled climate like ours. Mr. Ullman and Strakosch have united their forces, Maretzek having previously joined Strakosch, and the gentlemanly Maurice has gone to Europe with Gassier and Ullman, these three being banded in the search for celebrated prime donne and irresistible tenors. It is also understood that the indomitable Max is to be Ullman's orchestral conductor, Anschütz having left with Formes and Caradori, a trio that has been inseparable for many years. Formes has quarrelled irreconcilably with Ullman, therefore the splendid Carl is to be eclipsed by the big basso, Zegler, or the Socrates-faced Susini, one of whom is to be introduced to the American public under the banner of Ullman. Formes is not willing to be blotted out by either of these formidable rivals, nor will he consent to let Ullman possess the entire field of Opera in the United States; therefore he is forming an entirely new company, headed by Jenny Paur, Cesaro Badiali, and the distinguished Theodore Formes, for whose magnificent tenor voice Richard Wagner originally composed the world-renowned "Tannhäuser," an opera that we may hope to hear given by this German-Italian troupe.

Ullman has obtained the lease of the New York and Boston Academies; he has not secured that of the Philadelphia House, and will not be able to do so, the Board of Directors having learned by experience, that it is infinitely more profitable to rent the building by the week or month, than by the year.—*Fitzgerald City Item.*

### Art Items.

The following is a description of the "National Monument to the Pilgrim Forefathers," the cornerstone of which was laid at Plymouth last Tuesday: The design—by Hammatt Billings—consists of an octagon pedestal on which stands a statue of Faith. From the four smaller faces of the pedestal project buttresses, upon which are seated figures emblematic of Morality, Education, Law, and Liberty. Below them, in panels, are alto-reliefs of "The Departure from Delf-Haven," "The Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the May Flower," "The Landing at Plymouth," and "The First Treaty with the Indians." Upon the four large faces of the main pedestal are large panels, to contain records of the principal events in the history of the Pilgrims, with the names of those who came over in the *May Flower*, and below are smaller panels for records connected with the Society and the building of the Monument. A chamber within the pedestal, 26 feet in diameter, and well lighted, is to be a depository for all documents, etc., relating to the Pilgrims and to the Society. In this chamber will be a stairway leading to the platform upon which stands the Figure of Faith, from which may be seen all the places of interest connected with the history of the Forefathers. The whole monument will be about 150 feet high, and 80 feet at the base. The Statue of Faith rests her foot upon the Forefather's Rock; in her left hand she holds an open Bible; with the right uplifted she points to Heaven. Looking downward, as to those she is addressing, she seems to call them to trust in a higher power. The sitting figures are emblematic of the principles upon which the Pilgrims proposed to found their Commonwealth. The first of these is Morality. She holds the Decalogue in her left, and the Scroll of Revelation in her right hand. Her look is upward, towards the impersonation of the Spirit of Religion above. In a niche, on one side of her throne, is a Prophet, and in the other, one of the Evangelists. The second of these figures is Law. On one side of his seat is Justice; on the other, Mercy. The third is Education. In the niche, on one side of her seat, is Wisdom, ripe with years; on the other, Youth led by Experience. The fourth figure is Freedom. On one side, Peace rests under his protection; on the other, Tyranny is overthrown by his prowess. The monument is to be entirely of granite, with the exception of the panels and alto-

reliefs; these are to be of porphyry, serpentine, and white marble. The figure of Faith is to be seventy feet in height; the sitting figures are to be about forty feet in height. The monument is to be placed upon a hill a little way from the heart of the village, in a northwesterly direction, and its foundations are already laid. In addition to this structure, a canopy of granite is to be erected over the Rock itself, near the water's edge; the Rock has been raised a few feet from its bed, and has been surrounded by a setting of solid granite, upon which the supports of the canopy are to rest; the Pilgrim Society have purchased and removed several old buildings which pressed closely upon the Rock, and an open square is to be preserved about it. The canopy, as was before said, is to be of granite, and is to rest upon four pillars, thus at the same time protecting the Rock and yet leaving it open to the gaze of all. The canopy will be soon completed; the monument will not be finished till much more money is subscribed, the estimated cost of the whole being about half a million dollars, and about fifty thousand dollars having been already collected.

The following is from the London *Athenaeum* of July 16th: "Mr. Page, another of the skilled American artists who have studied and sojourned in Rome, has brought with him from Italy a picture of Venus on the Sea, attended by two Loves. The work is treated, in some respects, with that ideal disregard of proportion in detail which is permitted to the sculptor. The shell on which the Queen of Love moves forward is as small as a coracle in a dream; the doves in the immediate foreground, too, are perhaps also liable to the same criticism. If these conditions are to be accepted, the picture is thereby placed in the lists for such honors as belong to the most ideal Art. We are not prepared to assert that Mr. Page altogether reaches this high standard; but his ambition is more than commonly honorable in days like these, when realism in painting is thrust on us as the *Alpha* and *Omega* of its excellence. His *Venus* has the haughty and triumphant beauty of her whose fascinations could bring the sword and the firebrand among men, as well as gentler sensations, and excitements not less potent, but less fierce. Her bust, arms and lower limbs are well modelled, with perhaps, a trifle too much anxiety as to exactness of articulation. A nude figure, however, ought not to suggest the fancy of any past constraint or compression. Mr. Page's *Venus* hardly escapes this charge. His coloring, with a certain tendency towards sombre-richness (such as time had brought over the carnations of Giorgione and Palma), is solid, attractive, and harmonious. The picture, in short, is a fine one: in no respect to be made light of—one which, whether it be taken for better or for worse, with agreement or with disagreement, cannot be looked at, without interesting suggestion and remembrance being excited,—which cannot be recollected, without sincere respect for the aspiration and the performance of him who has painted it."

### The Cousins; or, Who Chose Best.

(From the Pittsfield Musical Transcript.)

BY A PUPIL OF THE M. M. INSTITUTE.

*Jennie.*—There, I have blotted my notes—that is too bad! I meant to have written them so nicely! But "accidents will happen."

*Clara.*—Oh! I am so glad I am not obliged to write notes, and study and practise as you do, Jennie. Why, Monsieur S—— has never troubled me with anything of the kind, and instead of drumming through that odious instruction book, as you are doing, I have taken a great many waltzes, polkas, and songs.

*Jennie.*—Perhaps the time spent on that "odious instruction book," as you are pleased to call it, may, in the end, be of much more value to me than all your fantasies, although now you seem to have the advantage.

*Clara.*—Do you mean to have me believe that you like to practise those tedious scales and five finger exercises?

*Jennie.*—No! I cannot say I really like it, but then I know it is best for me, and I am willing to do disagreeable things that good may come.

*Clara.*—Well, there is no use in talking to you, Jennie; we shall never agree about music, I fear. By-the-by, have you considered grandmother's proposal, and decided what branch you will take in addition to music?

*Jennie.*—Yes; and think I shall commence drawing.

*Clara.*—Well, I must say you are a dunce! What good will it ever do you to make trees, houses, and cows? I intend to take dancing lessons.

Jennie.—I think I may safely call you foolish, and ask what use dancing can be to you?

Clara.—Why, it will make me graceful in my movements, improve my figure, and—and—ever so many things! Oh, it will be perfectly delightful!

Jennie.—On the other hand, drawing will—

Clara.—Oh, lie on your drawing. I won't hear another word; good bye.

Thus spoke two young girls of nearly the same age, whose course we design to follow. Two years previous to the opening of our story, their grandmother, who was very wealthy, had offered to give these girls a thorough musical education, and allowed them to choose their teachers from among the many who instructed in that art in the city of C—. Jennie selected for her teacher a man—no professor with a long foreign name in place of talent and taste, but a plain Mr.—whose whole soul was imbued with music; who loved it as an art, and treated it as something worthy of man's highest regard; who considered it sacrilege to speak lightly of so holy a thing; in a word, he was a man who understood the art, and endeavored to instill into his pupils a love and reverence for it, and who performed his duty faithfully before God and man. Clara chose for her teacher Monsieur S—, who could play such "lovely polkas and schottisches," and not only could play them himself, but taught his pupils to do so in a very short time. She thought Jennie very foolish to go for instruction to a man whose pupils progressed so slowly, and if the truth must be admitted, so thought all her friends. But Jennie was firm. At the end of two years, their grandmother permitted them to receive instruction in one other accomplishment, in addition to music, though in opposition to the advice of her son, an eccentric old bachelor, who thought the time and money spent on ornamented branches wasted. But the old lady was determined to carry out her plan. We have heard of the choice each made, and which was duly reported to Uncle George. From that time he resolved to watch the progress of his nieces, and in that kind heart of his (for bachelors have hearts, and often good ones, however much they may wish it to appear otherwise,) he formed a plan to reward her who had chosen the best way. During these two years Clara had learned many pieces, and had gained great applause from her teacher and friends. Jennie had gone patiently and slowly on with her instruction book and exercises, following implicitly the directions of her teacher, in whom she had perfect confidence. But when she heard Clara so much extolled for the rapid progress she had made, and felt the sneer bestowed upon her when she answered all invitations to play with a quiet "I have learned no pieces," her heart almost failed her. But at the beginning of the third and last year of their musical tuition, Jennie began to receive her reward. One morning her teacher placed before her a beautiful Sonata of Mozart, saying, "There, Jennie, you have practised faithfully thro' what may be termed the drudgery in the study of music, now you shall enjoy the fruit of your labors." She learned the Sonata much sooner than she expected. She went rapidly on now, taking next a "song without words," by Mendelssohn, then a Fugue by Bach, and she also studied some of the noble works of Beethoven. She had now entered a glorious field, and as she advanced her soul expanded; her ideas of the beautiful in art became elevated; her habits of thought more systematic and correct. And with this internal change came a corresponding outward one. Her manners were more quiet, dignified, and lady-like. She was kind to all, yet could not join in the trifling pursuits of her companions as she had formerly done. The consequence was that they admired, but heartily disliked her, for mankind forgive everything sooner than superiority. Clara continued much in the same manner as she had done, making but little progress, as the capacity of her teacher had long since exhausted itself. Jennie, during this year, had learned to sketch from nature, and to paint very prettily, which tended also to refine and elevate her emotions; incited a love for Nature, which affords an unlimited field for the study of the beautiful, and forces the mind to the contemplation of the Great Creator, and compels man to bow in reverence, awe, and adoration to him. Clara could tread the light fantastic toe very gracefully, and had acquired in the dance room a capacity for saying little nothings in a most charming manner. But these light pursuits produced their full effect in moulding her character. Jennie's teacher, being a highly educated man,—having a very high standard for female education,—had endeavored to cultivate in her a taste for reading those works that strengthen the mind, refine and exalt the taste. Clara's teacher, having no mental culture, was incapable of assisting others to attain it in any degree, and thus her faculties, naturally good, were wasted and ruined by trifling and thoughtless gaiety. But

the last year was completed, and the girls were called home. Jennie felt, as she placed her foot upon the threshold of her home, that she had left behind her the happiest and most peaceful part of her existence. Clara left school with a happy laugh, saying—"Oh, Jennie, I am so glad my education is finished, and I have nothing to do but enjoy myself, and get married as soon as possible. Do you know that next month we are eighteen, and grandmother intends giving us an elegant party?"

Their eighteenth birth day came, and with it much expectation and excitement. Clara made great calculations on the sensation her handsome dress, graceful manners, and many accomplishments would create upon this, her first entrance into that elysium of the school girl's imagination—fashionable society. Uncle George had for the past six months taken more interest in the progress of his nieces than he would willingly have admitted, even to himself, especially in Jennie, who quietly labored with so much earnestness. He could not understand her. She was greatly changed, but whether for better or worse he had yet no opportunity of judging. On this eventful morning he might have been seen to enter a fashionable jewelry establishment, and after remaining an amazingly long time, to emerge from it thrusting a morocco case into his pocket. From thence he slowly pursued his way until he came to the residence of an eminent composer, whom he requested to select for him a musical composition, the reading of which would test thoroughly the skill and knowledge of a performer. Having procured this, he wended his way to the beautiful home where he resided with his mother.

Night came at last, and a crowd of elegant and fashionable people filled their splendid rooms. Eyes shone brightly—smiles played charmingly around coquettish lips—the lively jest flew in rapid succession from one to another, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." But now a murmur of "how beautiful" was heard, as the two cousins entered led by their affectionate Uncle. And indeed they were beautiful. They were immediately surrounded by friends, congratulating them on having passed from slavery to freedom, and wishing them much happiness on their entrance into life. Soon Clara was requested to give them some music, and after many foolish apologies and excuses, she complied, and performed in what some thought a brilliant style, a selection from an Italian opera. She made many mistakes, paid no regard to touch or expression, and with foot pressed hard upon the pedal, exerted all her strength, and after making the poor piano groan and moan for some fifteen minutes, rose amidst exclamations of applause, although during the latter part of her performance the conversation had been general, and the strife seemed to be as to whose voice should overcome the noise of the suffering instrument. Jennie was now invited to play, and without any foolish excuses, but with modest reluctance, she selected the Adagio from Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, and performed it so correctly, with so much taste and feeling, that very soon every voice was hushed, all listened with breathless attention to the end. When she left the instrument none ventured to pay her the commonplace compliments of the hour, but their silence and attention was more gratifying to her than any words could have been. After a few moments "Uncle George" advanced, saying: "Well done, my good girl, you have made me happier to-night than I have been before in many a long day. I have one favor to ask of Clara and you. Many of our friends are acquainted with the circumstances of your education, and I am now anxious to show them which has pursued the best method of instruction. Here is a piece selected expressly for this purpose, and I wish each of you to play it, and let us judge which can do so correctly. Come, Clara, you may try first." Clara looked at the music rather doubtfully, but was determined to make the attempt. She tried the first two or three measures, and then left the instrument, saying: "Why, Uncle, no one can possibly play that without practising it a month, and I very much doubt whether I could then. I have never learned so difficult a piece."

Uncle.—"Well, Jennie, will you try it?" Jennie took the music, and after carefully looking it over, said: "I think I can play it, not without some mistakes certainly, but it is not more difficult than many things I have played." So seating herself at the piano, she went through it with very few mistakes, giving the correct expression to every part, much to the astonishment of the company. As she was rising from her seat, she felt something thrown around her head, and on looking perceived it to be an elegant chain, to which was attached a very neat and beautiful watch. On opening it she read, "presented to his dear niece by Uncle George"; she also found a little note, which proved to be a receipted bill for a

costly pianoforte, and at the bottom written: "Will she who has chosen best accept this from her affectionate Uncle." Jennie's friends crowded around her to express their pleasure at her good fortune, and Clara among others, saying, "Dear Jennie, the time spent on that 'odious instruction book' has indeed proved to be of more value to you than my fantasies and polkas are to me. But I am determined to begin anew, if you will afford me your assistance. I hope yet to study music as it deserves to be studied." "I am happy to hear you speak so, my dear Clara," said her grandmother, "and glad that instead of feeling angry at this public proof of your mistaken choice, you have behaved so nobly. Your Uncle had no intention of causing unpleasant comparisons to be made, but felt that he must openly reward that one of the cousins who chose best."

MARTIN LUTHER'S OPINION OF MUSIC.—Music is one of the best arts. The tones give life to the text. She drives away the spirit of dejection; see king Saul, for instance. Some of the nobility and courtiers think they have saved for my royal master three thousand florins per annum in music; while, in their stead, thirty thousand florins are spent without any use whatever.

Kings, princes, and noblemen, must support music for it is the duty of great potentates and regents to preserve the good fine arts: for although single individuals may like them and practice them, yet they cannot uphold them. I have always held music dear. Whoever is master of this art, is of good quality, and fit for everything. Music must necessarily be taught in schools. A schoolmaster must be able to sing, or I do not think him worth anything. Young men also ought not to be ordained as preachers of the gospel, unless they have well practised it in the schools.

Music is a fine, excellent gift of God, and near in importance to Theology. I would not part with the little music I know, for a great deal. The youth ought to be instructed in this art; for it makes fine, able men.

BACHIANA; "select pieces (preludes and fugues) from the miscellaneous pianoforte works of John Sebastian Bach, not included in the *Clavier bien Tempéré*"—as performed in public by Miss Aral-ella Goddard—(Duncan, Davison & Co.) The first series of six being now complete, we may recapitulate its contents. These are *Fuga Scherzando* in A minor; *Prelude and Fugue* in B flat (on the name "Bach"); *Fantasia con Fughetta*, in D major; *Fantasia con Fuga*, in B flat; *Prelude con Fuga*, in A minor; and two fugues in C major. The two fugues in C major (No. 6), besides their wonderful clearness in a contrapuntal sense, and the attractive character of their themes, may be pointed out as most useful studies for equalizing the touch and for the attainment of fluency in execution. The fugue in A minor (No. 5) is one of the most interesting and masterly of all the minor fugues of the composer. Altogether this selection may be recommended as the most serviceable introduction to the most difficult and elaborate works of Bach that could well be contrived; and the student who is zealous and industrious enough to master it, will approach the *Clavier bien Tempéré* and other great works with double confidence. Messrs. Duncan & Davison may be reminded, by the way, that there is plenty of material for another series of *Bachiana*; and it is to be hoped they may have found the first issue sufficiently remunerative to encourage them to proceed. The revival of such vigorous and healthy music cannot be otherwise than productive of good. *Lond. Mus. World.*

#### A Musician's Jubilee.—Fifty Years in Office.

The following is the article referred to by the "Diarist" in his notes, which we print to-day, of his recent visit to the quaint old Silesian capital, Breslau. We translate from the *Breslauer Zeitung* of May 17.

FESTIVITIES AT G. SIEGERT'S JUBILEE AFTER FIFTY YEARS IN OFFICE. On Saturday forenoon, (May 14), in the Bürger-school zum heiligen Geist, in which Herr Music-Director SIEGERT teaches singing, but formerly taught in other branches, Herr Director Kämp arranged a festival in honor of the old man; and in the evening at half past six o'clock there assembled at the same place the Fest Committee, the pupils of the Catholic School Teachers' Sem-



The musical score on page 37 of Don Giovanni consists of eight systems of piano accompaniment. Each system is written for a grand piano, with a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The dynamics used are *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *cres.* (crescendo), and *tr* (trill). The first system begins with a *p* marking in the right hand. The second system features a *cres.* marking in the right hand and a *f* marking in the left hand. The third system includes a *tr* marking in the right hand. The fourth system has a *cres.* marking in the right hand. The fifth system has a *cres.* marking in the right hand. The sixth system has a *f* marking in the right hand and a *p* marking in the left hand. The seventh system has a *f* marking in the right hand and a *p* marking in the left hand. The eighth system has a *f* marking in the right hand and a *p* marking in the left hand. The page ends with a double bar line.

## Don Giovanni.

*Maestoso.*

*f*

*tr*

*tr*

*tr*

*tr*

*f*

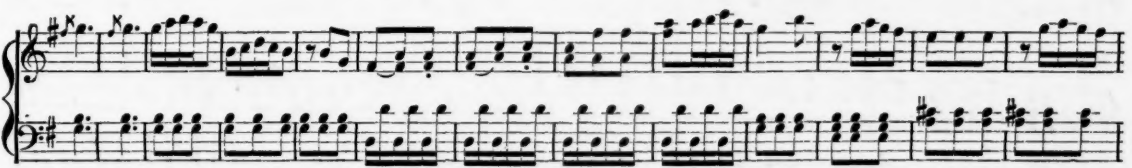
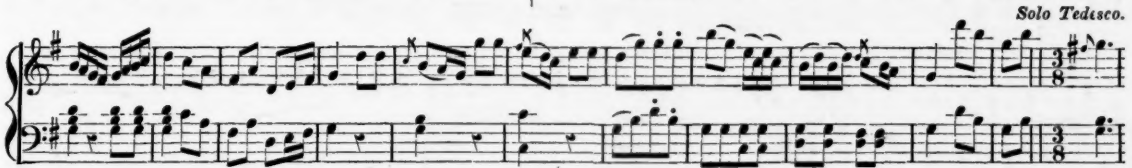
*p*

*mf*

*Menuetto.*

*p*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of two distinct sections. The first section, marked 'Maestoso.', spans the first five staves. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music is characterized by dense chordal textures and frequent trills, indicated by 'tr' markings. Dynamics include a forte 'f' marking and a piano 'p' marking. The second section, marked 'Menuetto.', spans the next four staves. It is in 3/4 time and features a more rhythmic, dance-like quality. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The dynamics are marked with a piano 'p' and a mezzo-forte 'mf'. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals, all arranged in a clear, professional layout.







inary, led by Herr Battig, a number of teachers, and an orchestra of wind instruments, in all some 160 persons. About 7 o'clock the procession moved across the seminary street to the great courtyard of the St. Bernhardin hospital on the rear of Siegert's dwelling. After the choir and orchestra had taken their positions, F. W. Berner's beautiful and powerful hymn: *Der Herr ist Gott*, a strikingly effective composition, was performed under the lead of the royal music director, ADOLPH HESSE; whereupon the latter shouted out a three-times "*Hoch*" to his colleague SIEGERT, in which all present joined enthusiastically amid the crash of drums and trumpets. The "*Jubilar*" (recipient of the jubilee) expressed his thanks in a speech of some length.

On Sunday morning early (half past eight) there appeared in the house of the *Jubilar*, the upper-bürgermeister, privy councillor Elwanger, accompanied by the town councillor Herr Seidel. The former addressed hearty words of congratulation to the *Jubilar* and decorated him, in recognition of his services from "the powers that be," with the red eagle order of the fourth class. Shortly before the beginning of divine service he was accompanied by Herr Probst Schreidler and town councillor Seidel (the first in his canonicals, the latter with his golden chain of office) to the choir, where a strong vocal and orchestral force was already collected. He was conducted to the director's desk, which was hung with wreaths, where the Herr Probst wished him joy in a few hearty words. After the morning hymn, a Cantata of Siegert's composition was performed, which made an edifying impression. At the close of his regular sermon Herr Schreidler made mention of the festival occasion, and invited the congregation to take part in the church official jubilee now about to commence.

During the prelude on the great organ the church-congregation, festival committee, &c., gathered with the *Jubilar* about the altar, and after the singing of the majestic hymn: *Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren*, which resounded powerfully, accompanied by both organs and by trombones, the Herr Probst ascended the steps of the altar. In a noble address he exhorted the *Jubilar* to praise God for this day, to which it had been vouchsafed to him to live in full activity and health of body and of mind; he then alluded to the manifold services of Siegert in a most appreciative and emphatic manner. After the last verse and concluding voluntary they repaired to the sacristy, where the *Jubilar* made a speech, calling to mind living and departed friends and patrons, and expressed his thanks in heart-felt tones for the inspiring festival.

Returning to his house, the *Jubilar* received the congratulations of various deputations. 1, An address from Herr Ober-Regierungs-rath Sohr, in the name of the Vaterlands Association; 2, from Herr Weigelt in behalf of the Stadt-erordneten-Collegii; 3, from the gymnasium director Wimmer in behalf of the Fest Committee, with the presentation of a document as a festival gift; and 4, from a messenger in the name of the Grand Lodge. The *Jubilar*, who is a man of high intellectual culture, able in speech, made pertinent reply, without sign of exhaustion, to all that was addressed to him. Many good wishes from the various Silesian Gesang-vereins were received in writing; in short, the greatest proofs of love and high esteem were continually offered to the unassuming, modest man.

At seven in the evening a supper was held in the great hall of the King of Hungary, at which about 150 persons sat down. Innumerable toasts were offered. Herr Councillor Seidel proposed the first, to the health of his majesty the King, and to the welfare of the prince regent and of prince Friedrich Wilhelm, and alluded to the very serious aspect of the times. Herr Consistorialrath Heinrich now addressed the *Jubilar* and proposed his health (*lebe hoch!*). Music-director Hesse referred to the intimate, hearty,

never once disturbed beautiful relation between the *Jubilar* and himself, his nearest colleague, and offered another "*Hoch*" to the man they met to honor. The high teacher Scholz spoke in the name of the older teachers' union, and Herr Director Dr. Kletke in the name of the *Real-Schule*, in which Siegert is an efficient teacher. Professor Cohn eulogized Siegert as the great and widely known botanist; and Dr. Körber, after a genial address, handed to the *Jubilar* a plant from the Höllengärtchen in the Riesengrunde, which had been named after Siegert. The latter in response spoke inexhaustibly about science, music and botany, developing not seldom a very enlivening humor. Between the toasts and speeches, songs, both serious and playful, by Kämp, Gabriel, Kittil, by his botanical friends, Battig and Grosser, &c., were sung by the teachers Letzner and Battig. Great merriment was excited by three very humorous songs by Kämp, Battig and Grosser, (the last in the Silesian dialect,) which were sung in chorus. These songs expressed a very wholesome wit, which kept the risible muscles in continual motion. The Fest was a beautiful, cheerful, genial affair. May the "*Jubilar*" long live and work as actively as ever!

SIEGERT was born May 17, 1789, at Ernsdorf near Reichenbach. Destined by his parents for the profession of a teacher, he went first to the town school, where under the guidance of his colleague Scholz and the Cantor Rieger he got his first musical instruction. In 1802 he obtained the place of discantist (soprano) in the church of St. Bernhardin in Breslau, with free lodging, free tuition at the St. Magdalen gymnasium, and an annual income of 30 thalers. His scientific culture was indeed well provided for, but not his musical (in the then poor condition of church music). Fortunately a new field was opened to him. The Breslau theatre at that time was in want of an alto-singer for Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Siegert was selected, and, his voice finding favor, was engaged for all the operas. This secured him a good increase, and enabled him to provide for his further culture. Placed now in a sphere, where for seven years he made acquaintance with the best of the then known operas, and impressed then ineradicably on his mind by frequent rehearsals and performances, he could not fail to develop a lively sense for Art. He became acquainted with Vogler, and was highly regarded by Ebell, Carl Maria von Weber (then at the age of nineteen kapellmeister in the Breslau theatre), and Bierey. His earlier desire, to become a teacher, grew more and more strange to him; in 1808 he left the gymnasium, and for a long time was in conflict with himself, until his old instructor, the director Reiche, decided him to remain true to his early resolution. He left the theatre, studied educational works industriously, but still entertained an anxiety lest he should be drawn away by music from the path which he had entered, and in 1810 he left the church, for which as choralist he had written several compositions.

In 1811 the cantor, Kellner, at St. Bernhardin, died, and Siegert, after passing examination, in 1812, became his successor, receiving at the same time the teachership in the *Bürger-Schule zum heil. Geiste*, which was connected with this office. In the then neglected state of church music the grand effect of a fine performance was unknown to him; and he was much surprised by several such which he heard in the Singakademie founded by the well-known theatre kapellmeister and composer, Bierey. This was dissolved in 1816. Stimulated by Bierey, Siegert composed in 1816-18 two cantatas, a *Te Deum*, and several other church pieces. But his zeal was not crowned with the desired success, since at that time the place of cantor at St. Bernhardin was poorly endowed, and the musical resources at his command were small; but his income was increased at the three hundredth jubilee of the Reformation. This was a new spur to

Siegert's exertions; he founded a Sing-verein for church music, which existed more than thirty years and counted a great many members. Siegert did much for music on the Sabbath, and every year at carnival brought out some music on a grand scale on a large platform built before the altar. This generous, unselfish man advanced what was wanting for this music, seeing that the fund provided did not exceed seven thalers, out of his own means. In 1831 ADOLPH HESSE, then 21 years old, after officiating four years as second organist at St. Elizabeth, was called to the place of upper organist at St. Bernhardin. As a church ceremony was connected with his induction into office, together with the rebuilding at a great expense of the fine great organ, Siegert honored his new colleague by the performance of a Cantata for choir and a strong orchestra by Hesse. Siegert met him altogether with love and confidence, and stimulated his zeal in the cause of church music by the performance of his works.

In 1832 Hesse started the idea of a grand evening performance, which took place in the church brilliantly lighted. Things by Handel, Schneider and Hesse were given, under Siegert's and Hesse's direction, with grand chorus and orchestra; and between these church pieces were played organ pieces of Freudenberg, Hesse and Köhler. The church was very full, the idea found favor, and the concert was repeated several years in succession. Works of Handel, Schneider, Spohr, Beethoven (among them the Symphony in C minor and the *Eroica*), Köhler and Hesse were executed under the direction of Siegert, Kahl, Pohsner, A. Schnabel, Hesse and Köhler, with a large force. What our Siegert has been to the Silesian Singing and Musical Festivals, and how much they owe to him, is well known. A brilliant festival was the great one arranged by Siegert in celebration of the 25th year of the Silesian Festival, when the Schiesswerder Hall in Breslau was dedicated. In 1847 Siegert was named royal Music-director. Siegert's compositions for the church, of which the number is not insignificant, breathe a genuine religious feeling; his Mass, especially, makes a fine, edifying impression. — (From the Silesian *Tonkünstler-Lexicon*.)

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 13, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Opera, "*Don Giovanni*."

### When Greek meets Greek, &c.

In the absence of any thing new, exciting or instructive in our own provincial quarter of the world musical, now while the dog-star rages, we think we cannot better amuse and edify the languid reader than by treating him to a brilliant specimen of the way in which leading musical critics serve each other up in the great London press. Mr. CHORLEY, of the *Athenæum*, who writes a great deal about music, often exceedingly well, often with dogmatic prejudice, yet for the most part instructively and entertainingly — Mr. Chorley, the author of that pleasant book, "*Modern German Music*," the record of several musical tours, has taken advantage, it seems, of the interest excited by the late Handel Festival, to issue two parts or numbers of a book called "*Handel Studies*," in which he commences to give to the world the results of his life-long studies and reflections on the "*Messiah*" and other master-works of the great German musician, claimed with pride by all England as her

(adopted) own. Mr. Chorley begins with the work best known, with the "Messiah," and we cannot doubt—nay some of the very specimens below cited in a satirical spirit prove it to our mind—there is much good matter in his comments, which is worth considering. But not so seems to think the editor of the *Musical World* (supposed to be Mr. DAVISON, who also "does the music" for the *London Times*). This gentleman devotes a series of articles to a satirical running commentary, or general "showing-up," of the *Handel Studies*, plainly with the intent of paying off old scores, so far as the two critics are concerned, but richly to the amusement of us who live at an humble and disinterested distance from this war of Titans.

After some flings at the title, general style, and dedication of the book, the *Musical World* proceeds:

In his analysis of *The Messiah* Mr. Chorley sets out, in the oracular style which usually distinguishes him, by demolishing a mare's nest:

"It has been the fashion to complain of the overture or prelude to *The Messiah* as wanting and weak. I AM NOT IN THE FASHION."

The last sentence would have speedily put matters to-rights had the case been as Mr. Chorley states; but, unfortunately for him, it has always been the exact contrary—musicians and amateurs, without exception, rating the overture to *The Messiah* as Handel's finest, and therefore neither "wanting nor weak," but full of interest and strong. If, however, Mr. Chorley had been aware of this fact, we should have lost an exquisite bit of criticism, debuting thus:

"To me there is something grave, muscular, and relishing in Handel's preface in E minor," &c.

In mere "freak" like this, however, the author of *Music and Manners* is rather diverting than otherwise; but when he deals out assertions in which the taste of the most musical of nations and the credit of the greatest of musicians are arraigned, with a self-complacency bordering on impertinence, the risible feeling gives way to one of honest indignation. Here is an example, in which Germany and Bach are both brought under the lash:

"The Germans make light of the songs of Handel, as tiresome, antiquated, &c. . . .; but this may not be so much the fault of their pedantry as of their poverty. Such unmeaning chains of notes as their profound men admire in the cantatas of Sebastian Bach, having no more reference to the words than have Rode's variations to the pence-table, are by Handel informed with a pertinence, a vocal brilliancy, and an elevation of style," &c.

First, it is neither more nor less than ludicrous to talk of the musical poverty of a country that gave birth to the grandest musicians the world has seen, including Handel himself. Secondly, the Germans do not "make light of Handel's songs"; and thirdly, the comparison between Bach's "chains of notes" and "Rode's variations," is as irrelevant as it is absurd. The sentence regarded as a whole, moreover, even admitting the insinuations it contains, is sheer nonsense. To "inform" with pertinence and vocal brilliancy "unmeaning chains of notes," is a task, we apprehend, not merely beyond Handel but beyond even Mr. Chorley, who has recently applied himself to the composition of songs, from which we hope, when time permits, to furnish an example or two for the edification of our readers. With another assertion that "ever since Germany shook itself loose, in music, of Italian tradition," she has been sparing of great singers, we have no inclination to deal, being rather anxious just now to shake ourselves loose, in "*Handel Studies*," of Mr. Chorley; to whom, meanwhile, we dedicate what "may" follow, for three reasons, to be explained hereafter.

To resume:—Amid common-places lavishly distributed, and announced with as much pomp and circumstance as if they were discoveries, the *Handel Studies* contain paradoxes, of which a specimen or two may serve to afford our readers some amusement. The great songs of *The Messiah* have never yet been sung "up to their height," because no singers have possessed the qualities indispensable to their perfect delivery. We have not room for the whole of Mr. Chorley's description of these qualities, one of the most important of which is "a devotional temper of mind, which, if it do not imply an act of worship, in-

dicates the mood of a worshipper;" but we cannot resist citing the means by which alone such qualities are to be ensured. These are, not only:

"—a happy combination of natural endowments and technical accomplishments, but also such general loftiness of tone in life, manners, and conversation, as shall make it impossible for the singer to conceive aught meanly or deliver it meagrely."

But even thus much, which would already make saints of our singers (or, to put Mr. Chorley's proposition to the test, sinners), is not enough. To sing the *Messiah* songs "up to their height," the singers must further be endowed with:

"—a breath of that noble simplicity which, totally distinct from arrogance or theatrical solemnity (!) has given so much charm of persuasion, and authority of teaching, and power of retaining love, to some of our divines and poets, the least intent on vulgar arts for producing effect."

So that the singers in *The Messiah* must be not only saints immaculate, but inspired and eloquent preachers! Now we respectfully put it to Madame Viardot, Mr. Chorley's *beau idéal*, and the only one whom he has "ever heard approach the heart of 'He was despised'" (*Handel Studies*, No. 1, page 32), whether even she can lay claim to all or any of these supernatural attributes? We put it to Mr. Chorley himself, who has occasionally written sanely, whether what we have quoted is anything better than rhodomontade, to be matched only by the *coda*, which, nevertheless, involves an admission that the author of *Handel Studies* has for once at least been loquacious to no purpose:

"Let us, in place of complaining over inefficiency, rather thank God that these great works of inspiration are in no respect more inexhaustible than in the room, and verge, and attraction which they afford to all real artists, 'for ever and for ever.'"

Presuming the above to have a meaning, all that precedes it is superfluous. In future our singers, not excepting Mr. Sims Reeves, will tremble in their shoes when they see the author of *Handel Studies* enter Exeter Hall, on an oratorio night. Let them, however, in the interim, when Mr. Chorley has set forth, in a ship, to criticize the continent, and denounce "such bit-by-bit reading as makes German setting and singing of words so stiffly distressing to the nice ear" (No. 1, page 32), let them, we say, look to their "tone of life, manners, and conversation;" so that, when he has returned, in a ship, to resume the throne and sceptre of English musical criticism (of which, in his own imagination, and that of some deluded foreigners, he holds undivided possession), having learnt to conceive nothing "meanly," they may deliver nothing "meagrely." Thus alone can they propitiate the critic of critics, who, after "ten years of light and knowledge" never had to reverse or modify an opinion, the only upright critic on the London press, notwithstanding the temptations to which he has been at various periods exposed, by Sig. Biletta, Professor Bennett, Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, whom he furnished respectively with *White Magic*, *The May Queen*, *Judith*, and *The Birthday* (four precious masterpieces), and the temptation to which he is about to be exposed by Mr. Costa, to whom, "for three reasons," he has dedicated *Handel Studies*, and for whom, for one reason (E. s. d.), he is said to be preparing the book of an oratorio, Mr. Bartholomew henceforth being doomed to pine in seclusion, as ex-poet to the Autocrat of all the Orchestras.

We have, alas! advanced but a short way into the impenetrable jungle of Mr. Chorley's *Studies*, which, like "the only contemplative oratorio which has won a universal popularity," (No. 1, page 13), "in place of being worn out, is only too full of matter, to be tractable; and this not matter for poetical speculation" (do-do), but for unceasing diversion. "In enjoying works so sublime," to employ Mr. Chorley's own language, "*rhapsody has no limit*."

Let us proceed by picking out a plum or two from Mr. Chorley's analytical pudding, which, had it come forth "pie" from Mr. Pickton's press, would in many respects have scarcely been less intelligible.

The chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," is admired as a "signal illustration of the power of resource and of reticence in combination"—which Mr. Yellowplush must interpret. "It is strong without surprise; it is emphatic without excitement;" remarkable in one instance for reiteration "without pedantry;" and generally, for "Progression without effort." It would be downright cruelty to ask even Mr. Yellowplush to translate this; but we may simply define it as verbose without meaning, and stupid without precedent. Even were we, as Mr. Chorley proposes, to "lean for a moment to the side of the transcendentalists," we could find neither "reason nor apology for such" nonsense.

"BUT HERE MAY BE AN INSTANT'S PAUSE."

—(No. 1, page 19).

And so say we of these delicious extracts, which we shall continue.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

Music on Boston Common is now administered twice every week by divers Brass Bands in rotation. These "free concerts" commence (Wednesdays and Saturdays) at 5 P. M., and last till the sun sets, or longer. The hour is one at which few of the laboring classes, those who most need such refreshment, can attend. But the music, judging from the one occasion on which we chanced to find ourselves within ear-shot of it, is certainly excellent of its kind, as good, at least, as brass can make it. We heard that time what seemed to us to be a piece from *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser*, a grandiose and brilliant movement; a long selection from *Les Huguenots*, including the Consecration of the Swords, if we mistake not, with tenor aria, recitative, duet, &c., and winding up with the "Orgy" of the first scene; Schubert's "Serenade," &c. The first two pieces were well suited for brass music, very effectively arranged and capably played. Gillmore's Band still give evening Promenade Concerts in the Music Hall.

The "*Pittsfield Musical Transcript*" is the title of a neat little sheet, of eight pages, published once in three months, as an organ, apparently, of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute." The devoted and intelligent principal of the Institute, Mr. E. B. OLIVER, is editor of the new *Transcript*. Its object, as editorially stated, is "to extend a knowledge of musical art, in order to render its cultivation attractive, and to induce those who have attended to it but superficially, to enter more earnestly into the study of its wonderful science, and to become intimately acquainted with its great masters." A worthy object, truly, and one which, judging from the tone and spirit of the articles which fill the present number of the paper, it will do not a little to promote. We have copied from it on another page a tale with a good musical moral by a pupil of the Institute. We also clip from it the following programme of a Soirée given this week by the young ladies of the Institute, which shows that Mr. Oliver means that his pupils shall know something of good music and great masters:

1. Rondo Agreable, 4th ..... Kuklau
2. Song—Summer ..... Robert Franz.
3. Mai Glockchen (May Belle) ..... Fritz Spindler.
4. Vocal Duet—"Welcome thou fair light of Heaven" ..... Curschmann.
5. Gondoline, Lied ohne Worte ..... Mendelssohn.
6. Song—Aspiration ..... E. B. Oliver.
7. L'Esperance (Hope) 4th ..... Alexander Fesca.
8. Sonata in Bb. 4th ..... Mozart.
9. Song—Auf Wiedersehn (We meet again) ..... Mendelssohn.
10. Sonata in G minor ..... Beethoven.
11. Vocal Trio—Hope ..... Rossini.
12. Sonata in B flat ..... Clementi.
13. Cavatine, Soave immagine ..... Mercadante.
14. Grand Fugue, upon theme from Don Juan ..... Schwaab.

The music-lovers in Burlington, Montpelier, and other places in Vermont, have been enjoying some miscellaneous concerts given by Messrs. S. C. MOORE, pianist, and H. ALLEN, violinist, assisted by Miss GERTRUDE SCOTT, vocalist, and Mr. GEO. ALLEN, violoncellist. The lady is said by the *Burlington Free Press* to have "a contralto voice of altogether uncommon richness, compass and power" and to have sung Schubert's "Wanderer" finely. The instrumental performances come off with glowing praise in the same quarter.

We are glad, says *The Buffalo Commercial*, to learn that our townsman, Mr. John N. Pattison, who is in Europe, studying music, has been distinguished for his attainments in the melodic art. Mr. Pattison had the privilege of playing before the Prince Regent of



Prussia last May in the Kink's Conservatorium. An overture composed by Mr. Pattison, performed at Prague and Berlin, has been highly complimented.

The New Orleans *Picayune* learns that Mr. Placide Canonge, manager of the old Orleans Theatre, has made, in Paris, the following engagements for next season:

Mlle. de Latournerie, leading prima donna in every style (Stoltz and Falcon). She has appeared with great success on the principal theatres of France.

Mlle. Bourdais, second dugazon, soubrette, &c. She filled lately the part of first dugazon at Rouen.

Mlle. Legalneur, leading rôle in drama and comedy, an important acquisition for our French theatre. Mlle. Legalneur is said to unite great talent to great beauty and elegance of manners. She is described as having been greatly applauded in Paris.

Mme. Berthal, jeune premiere.

Mme Julian, ingénue; the musical journals speak well of her brilliant appearance at the Gymnase theatre, in Paris.

Mlle Carolina Theleur, first dancer in all styles. Her artistic career is said to have been a series of triumphs. She excited the greatest enthusiasm at Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Bruxelles and Paris. She is classed in the first rank of choregraphic celebrities.

Mlle Helene, second danseuse; a charming young lady, 18 years old, who created quite a sensation at her debut.

Mr. Predigan, leader of the orchestra (of superior talent).

Mr. Gilles, leader of the orchestra for the ballet.

Mr. Wiethoff, first dancer and leader of the ballet. He has been very successful on the boards of the Theatre Porte St. Martin and of the Grand Opera, in Paris. Mr. Grossy, serious mimic, second ballet leader.

Mr. Dobels, primo basso of grand opera; powerful and deep voice; excellent musician. He has filled with great success the rôle of primo basso at Marseilles, Toulouse and Bruxelles. An artist of great repute.

Mr. Berthal, baritone of the Lyric theatre, Paris, where he created the most important rôles of the repertory.

Mr. Bourdais, second light tenor; a singer of the best school His departure is much regretted at Rouen.

## Musical Correspondence.

LONDON, JULY 10. — In reading the Journal of Music for the past few weeks, I have looked with much interest for the appearance of some article relating to the great "HANDEL FESTIVAL," from the pen of some one who might have been present thereat, but I notice that all accounts have been copied from London papers. As I was one of the fortunate ones who were present on the three great days of this musical feast, I thought it might perhaps be interesting to some of your readers to have an account from a Bostonian.

In commencing, I must remind our friends that the oratorio in England is quite a different thing from what it is with us. Here it is an institution, and not an occasional thing as with us. Oratorio societies are found in various parts of the kingdom and are all in a flourishing condition. Members of these various societies enter into the performance of a work with great spirit, and the result is visible. The people of London crowd to Exeter Hall, whenever the Sacred Harmonic Society announce the performance of an oratorio, and pay such prices for tickets as would astonish the good people of Boston, who complain at the high prices of seats at the opera. What would they say if they had to pay such prices to hear the "Messiah," "Eli," "Israel in Egypt," &c., and go early for tickets at that? The result of this love of oratorio and the great father of it, was visible in London, on Saturday before the Festival, to any unlucky wight who chanced to arrive without having previously ordered his rooms. Full everywhere and people waiting to take rooms which might be vacated by chance, and when the reason for this was asked, the answer generally received was, "The Festival takes place next week." The writer was obliged to go to two hotels, and was then fortunate enough to find one little six by eight room in the top of the house, which was the only one unoccupied. So much for preamble.

On Monday morning I started at half past nine

for the depot at London Bridge, thinking to take an early train and secure a good seat. The doors were advertised to open at eleven and the performance to commence at one. Like a prudent Yankee I had some weeks previously procured tickets for the three days at five shillings each. These did not secure me a seat, but surely I could manage that by being in good season. Unfortunately for my plans, all who held those tickets reasoned in the same way, and the consequence was that, on arriving at the depot, I found a large crowd assembled who were all determined to get the best seats. In due time I arrived at Sydenham and struggled up the half mile passage leading to the main building. There was no trouble about losing the way; we had only to go straight on, and we were sure to be challenged in due time by a policeman or usher, so that finally I found myself near where I belonged. Here was a prospect indeed. It was only just eleven o'clock, but every five-shilling seat was occupied. But even had I found the first seat vacant I doubt much if I should have occupied it, for I felt that I might just as well be outside the building as far as hearing to advantage was concerned. I then decided to change my ticket if that were possible, but nobody could tell me where it could be done. Finally I succeeded in procuring a ticket of the right sort and took my place. Nothing could be better. My position was such that the sound must concentrate in and about my vicinity.

The chorus entered, 710 sopranos, 714 altos, half of whom were males, 652 tenors, and 657 basses. What an array of voices! How is it possible for such a chorus to sing with precision! The orchestra appeared, 459 in number. The sight was magnificent. Nearly all the ladies were dressed in white, or rather wore white shawls and mantillas, and the contrast between these light garments and the dark clothes of the gentlemen was very striking. The time had finally arrived, and Madame CLARA NOVELLO rose to sing the solo of the National Anthem, which opened the feast. Her voice ceased, and the mighty chorus was heard, rolling out, "God save the Queen." But this passed rather as a matter of course and none thought of how it was sung.

But now commences the overture to the "Messiah," and people look at each other to see what effect is produced by the magnificent body of instruments. Then comes the song "Comfort ye my people," sung in exquisite style by SIMS REEVES; but so immense was the building and so great his distance, that it seemed rather like a whisper of consolation than a performance. But presently the huge body of singers rises, and with a firm tread, the altos enter upon the chorus "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." And what was the effect? I can hardly tell — I felt full to overflowing. I have heard this chorus often, but never before with such an effect. There was no dragging, but every note was as crisp as could be. I was amazed and delighted — amazed at hearing so large a body sing with such precision, and delighted as I could not fail to be, at hearing such music sung thus. The solos amounted to less than usual of course, but the chorus "And he shall purify," came soon, and was also performed in masterly style. "For unto us a child is born," was deservedly encored. This and the "Hallelujah" were of course the gems, and were sung as I never expect to hear them again.

Miss DOLBY sang "He was despised," in most beautiful style, but Madame Novello made but little of "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Even had she the power of doing it justice in so large a place, she has not the true soul of a great oratorio singer, but sings entirely for effect. I think she is greatly over-estimated as a singer. But Londoners are peculiar. If a singer once gains a standing in the popular favor, she is very sure to retain her position for a long time. Whether Clara Novello was ever finer than now I know not, but she is far from realizing

my idea of a faithful oratorio singer; and I do not form my judgment on the Festival performance merely, but after hearing her to best advantage at Exeter Hall. Her best performance on this day was the song "Rejoice greatly." She also sang that sweetest of pastorals, "Come unto me," but not in a way to please me. But the choruses formed the main attraction, and those were all given in masterly style. What would Handel have said had he heard his great "Hallelujah chorus" rendered as it was then and there! He might then have well thought that he saw the heavens opening and the angels of God praising their maker. But the end approached, and after Signor BELLETTI's solo, "The trumpet shall sound," in which he was finely accompanied by Mr. Harper on the trumpet, not on the cornet, the great chorus "Worthy is the Lamb," rolled forth in thunder tones, followed by the "Amen," which was sung in masterly style. To me it was wonderful to hear such fugues sung with such precision by so vast a multitude. The feast for the day was at an end, and from the glories of Handel we must descend to common life. Twenty thousand people must be got back to London, and this was accomplished with apparent ease, owing to the excellent arrangements which had been made. All arrived in safety at London, and no accidents were heard of, and so ended the first day of the Festival. W. H. D.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

THE OPERAS. Since the Handel Festival, the two opera houses have gone on with pretty much the usual round of repetitions. At the Royal Italian Opera *Don Giovanni* has had its crowds; *I Puritani* was given July 2, with Mme. Penco, and Signors Gardoni, Graziani and Ronconi. The remarkable feature was Ronconi's acting as the old Puritan general. Mme. Penco is said to have made her greatest "hit" as Elvira. Next followed the *Huguenots* again; and, on the 9th, *Il Giuramento* was taken from the shelf, for the first time in London since 1845. It does not seem to be much of a favorite with the Londoners. The *Musical World* calls the music "ineffably dull," and here are the remarks of the *Athenæum*:

Change of place does not change the value of music. The opera pleased only tepidly when given at Her Majesty's Theatre, nineteen years ago — not at all the other evening, when it was executed at Drury Lane; and may not keep its hold at Covent Garden. Why should this be? Signor Mercadante is not poor in melody; not halting in science. His voices are carefully handled, his orchestra is discreet, if not inventive; yet there is no denying that his operas "hang fire," while those of Signor Verdi "go off" — and that among the fifty (we believe there are fifty), not one, save perhaps 'Elisa e Claudio,' has gained an European reputation. So, too, Signor Pacini, who has written some of the best *cavatins* in being, can keep no permanent footing save in Italy, and hardly that, even there. The story of 'Il Giuramento,' a dilution of M. Victor Hugo's 'Angelo,' is not a happy one for opera; being originally too intricate and too violent, and, as arranged, too intricate and too weak. It contains, however, three good acting parts — those of *Elisa* (Madame Grisi), who stands for the original *Tisbe* — of *Bianca* (Madame Nantier-Didiée) in the French tragedy, *Catrina* — and of *Viscardo* (Signor Mario). The due justice denied to these at Drury Lane was done, so far as *soprano* and *tenor* are concerned, at Covent Garden. Madame Grisi has been rarely seen and heard to more advantage of late years, or in any recent part. Her voice was under wonderful control on Saturday last. Madame Nantier-Didiée sang her great air, "Or la sull' onda" (a lovely air it is), with brilliancy and finish. In the first act, she looked very handsome, and acted throughout with some sensibility; but the artist is not to be envied when called on to perform a task which shows distinctly where the limits of his powers lie; and such weight and fervor and persistence as are demanded in 'Il Giuramento' from the *contralto*, whose duties are important, both vocally and dramatically, are not possessed by Madame Nantier-Didiée. Her voice, agreeable and peculiar as it is, is not equal to the demands of grand opera: her conception of acting ends with gracefulness. Signor Debassini, as that truculent husband (always a *baritone*) whose tiresome and tyrannical behavior in modern opera almost replaces the "heavy paternity" of past epochs of musical drama, did his best to be sinister and slow, — his great effort being in the interminable *scena* in the second act, with its symphony



of wondrous length. But he makes no way here: this not so much because he is here too late in his career—as because his career has never been a true one. Signor Badioli (to illustrate) is in every respect his senior, and has only appeared in England since he was a veteran. Till the last, however, he will tell:—and he welcome to a London public. The opera went with all desirable ripeness, allowing for the absence of the military band, which had been unexpectedly "commanded" to Aldershot. The players in the orchestra were displayed to great advantage by the number of symphonies *obligati* with which Signor Mercadante has varied (must we not say retarded?) the interest of his score. The stage appointments and scenery were liberal and picturesque. A word, however, on the latter subject. How is it that in England we can never escape from the patchings of wings—side scenes, sky borders—which totally destroy illusion; and of which the French (far inferior as scene colorists to ourselves) know how to get rid, be the stage ever so small, be the composition ever so complicated? The rich and fanciful architectural night-scene in the second act of 'Il Giuramento' was entirely spoiled by the obtrusive pale blue lines across the stage, cutting off arch and vault in a manner alike arbitrary and impossible.

At Drury Lane the pieces have been *La Figlia, Don Giovanni, Norma*, and on the 11th *La Zingara* (Bohemian Girl) for the benefit of Mr. Balfe, Miss Balfe being the Arline. The same critic says:

Drury Lane Theatre has been crowded nightly to see the pretty ways of Mlle. Piccolomini, and to hear the grand voice of Mlle. Tietjens,—the other *prime donne*, (among them Miss Balfe) having been laid aside. In one respect the public is wise to take Time by the forelock,—since it is too evident that the German lady's "golden age" is rapidly passing. No voice, were it twice as fine, twice as strong as hers was originally, will bear misuse, consequent on false production of the tone, without losing its quality. This is the case with Mlle. Tietjens; whose intonation, moreover, is no longer unimpeachable. When will singers learn that if they would sing long they must sing properly? Either heard *per se*, or as taken in contrast with Signor Mongini, Signor Giuglini improves; while the third tenor, M. Belart, in 'La Figlia,' carries off the honors, by his singing, from the entertaining behavior of the Siennese lady. This artist has not been "made enough of" by his managers. As a brilliant tenor he is almost the best on the stage.

Now that Mr. Smith's subscription season is virtually over, we may ask how far he has fulfilled the following promise of his advertisement, already extracted in this journal as a curiosity: "During the present season, of the following nine operas, five (at least) will be produced, viz., Verdi's grand opera, 'Macbeth,' for the first time in this country; Mercadante's opera, 'Il Giuramento,' lately performed with such *éclat* at Paris; Rossini's opera, 'Guglielmo Tell'; Flotow's opera, 'Martha'; Rossini's opera, 'La Gazza Ladra,' with a powerful cast; Mozart's opera, 'Nozze di Figaro'; Gluck's opera, 'Armida'; Verdi's opera, 'Les Vepres Siciliennes'; and, should time permit, Petrella's new and successful opera of 'Lone'; ossia, 'L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei,' with new and extensive scenery and decorations." The above reminds us of that never-to-be-forgotten programme of an extinct opera-house, in which, besides four or five other novelties—a new work by M. Meyerbeer among the number—there was advertised the cast of Mendelssohn's coming 'Tempest,'—an opera which Mendelssohn had expressly refused to write. When will managers only announce that of which they are secure? A series of twenty performances to come is announced at Drury Lane. Possibly during this some of the new operas promised may be produced.

CONCERTS, of all orders, from the Bach Society and the Philharmonic down to Christy's Minstrels, have continued to abound. Herr Molique, a master violinist and composer, has had his annual concert, at which he produced a Trio (piano, violin and cello) and other compositions of his own; and at which Mlle. Anna Molique played Beethoven's *Thirty-two Variations on a theme in C minor*. Mr. George Lake has produced his oratorio, *Daniel*, followed by vocal and instrumental miscellanies. Mr. John Thomas has given a Harp concert; Mr. Howard Glover, a "monster concert" of no less than fifty pieces (!). The Royal Academy of Music has had a benefit concert by the associates (its former and present pupils,) remarkable for the fact that it presented but one

work by an academician, namely Macfarren's overture to *Don Quixote*. Among the other pieces was Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, played by Miss Linley, a pupil; a chorus from Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Plœrmel*; vocal pieces from Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Mercadante; a selection from the Earl of Westmoreland's opera *L'Eroe di Lancastro*; and the finale to the first act of *La Clemenza di Tito*. Since its foundation in 1822 the Academy has had 1,149 pupils, of whom 106 were educated gratuitously, and 256 at reduced terms. The Academy is handled without gloves by the critics; thus the *Athenæum* reads the following lesson from this concert:

The programme, too, illustrated another error of this body so pompously designated, so chary of results. Why must we once again say that the one educational establishment which England possesses has other duties than to minister to the self-occupation of amateur composers? The royalties and nobilities of other countries, who exercise themselves in counterpoint, or melody, or *dilettantism*, maintain, as part of their pleasure, chapels, or quartet-parties, or resident pianists,—or if, as happens sometimes, they write operas, such operas are presented in the theatres which they subsidize. Here, the price paid for aristocratic patronage seems to be that the students—present or former,—associates or foreigners pressed in,—must "do suit and service" by preparing and performing music which no professor can declare as meriting a place in a collegiate concert that includes specimens by Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. The *Amateur Society* is the proper arena for such attempts. It is their recurrences and the influences which they symbolize which have reduced the Academy to its present unsatisfactory state.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The last concert of the season, though the longest, was also the best. The programme is worth quoting:

Symphony in E flat. . . . .Mozart.  
Cavatina, "Sorgete" (Maoetto)—Sig. Belletti. . . . .Rossini.  
Concerto in F minor (No. 4), pianoforte—  
Miss Arabella Goldard. . . . .Sterndale Bennett.  
Air varié (Les Diamans)—Miss L. Pyne. . . . .Auber.  
Overture (Struensee). . . . .Meyerbeer.  
Sinfonia in A, No. 7. . . . .Beethoven.  
Aria, "En vain j'espère" (Robert le Diable)—  
Miss L. Pyne. . . . .Meyerbeer.  
Concerto in D minor (No. 9), violin—  
Herr Joachim. . . . .Spohr.  
Duetto, "La ci darem"—Miss L. Pyne and Sig.  
Belletti. . . . .Mozart.  
Overture (Jubilee). . . . .Weber.  
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

THE BACH SOCIETY gave a private performance at St. Martin's Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 21st ult., when the following pieces were performed under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett: Choral, "Jesu, meine Freude," from the Fifth Motet; double chorus, from the Fourth Motet, "Come, Jesus come;" a copious selection from the *Passions-Musik*; Concerto in C minor, for two pianofortes, executed by Messrs. W. Dorrell and G. Russell; Chaconne, for the violin, played by Herr Joachim; and solo fugue, for pianoforte, by Mr. George Russell (in D major—*Clavier bien Tempéré*). The performances were received throughout with loud applause, by a densely crowded and thoroughly musical audience. Mr. E. J. Hopkins presided at the organ.—*Mus. World*.

### Paris.

The news from Paris is small, this week. M. Rota, the composer of ballets, has brought an action against the management of the *Grand Opera*, for breach of engagement. The composer at the *Académie des Beaux-Arts* who has this year carried off the grand prize, is M. Giraud. Honorable mention, too, was made of M. Paladilhe, whom we have named, in former years, as a prodigy from whom much was expected. A young tenor, M. Peschard, has been singing very well at one of the concerts of the *Conservatoire* in 'Le Comte Ory,'—no easy task, the part demanding accomplishment as well as voice. The opera by Prince Poniatowski, for the *Grand Opéra*, seems delayed, because not completed. MM. Méry, and Reyher have been improvising another "Victory" Cantata, which was executed in the state theatre. Complimentary music of the same kind, by M. Cohen, has been produced at the *Théâtre Lyrique*,—and a Cantata, 'Solferino,' at the Vaudeville Theatre. It is said that at or shortly after the re-opening of the *Théâtre Lyrique* in Paris (the management of which is not about to change), Madame Viardot will appear in Gluck's 'Orphée.' We hope that this will prove only the first revival of his five superb operas.—*Athenæum*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and reliability of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Darling Sister Kate. Ballad. G. W. Stratton. 25

A sweet and pretty song for the drawing room; a most welcome gift, we should think, to the numerous friends of the Composer.

You may win him back by kindness. Song. W. T. Wrighton. 25

Fare thee well; we part forever. Song. J. B. Livingston. 25

The merry maiden. Song. S. Glover. 25

Dear Mary, wake from slumber. So. F. Romer. 25

I am a pretty gipsy maid. Song. Julius Metz. 25

Welcome home. Song. W. T. Wrighton. 25

A sparkling wreath of vocal gems, in which it is difficult to point out the finest. Each song has something which distinguishes it favorably. It is an assortment from which all tastes would be suited.

The Irish Emigrants. Duet. Stephen Glover. 25

Let us gather bright flowers. Duet. " " 25

Over the waves we float. Duet. " " 25

Glover still furnishes the English singing public with new duets, and all find more or less favor. The above three are liked more than ordinary, the last two more so perhaps than the first one, on account of their sparkling, lively melody. All are easy.

The two Nightingales. (Die zwei Nachtigallen.)

A. Hackel. 30

A charming duet from the German, for two female voices. It deserves unqualified recommendation. There is real, genuine poetry in both words and music. Singers of cultivated taste should not neglect to take a look at the score of this duet; it must please them highly.

#### Instrumental Music.

Il Polito Galop. F. R. Helmsmuller. 25

The sensation galop at Newport, appearing without exception on the programme of every hop at the "Ocean" and tumultuously redemanded. Melodies from "Il Polito," (The Martyrs), Donizetti's opera, form the groundwork of this spirited piece of dance-music.

The Alarm Clock (Die Wecker) Polka.

Chr. Spintler. 25

This is the original of the favorite polka, so often performed by the Germanians, Gilmores, and the Brigade Bands under its original German title, "Wecker Polka." The trio of this polka is founded on a melody popular all over Germany, in a similar manner as our "Jordan" and "Few Days" were here some years ago.

March of the absent. L. Belanger. 10

A sweet miniature Romanza, more tender than heroic.

#### Books.

THE MAY QUEEN. A Cantata. Words by H. F. Chorley. Composed by Wm. Sterndale Bennett. \$1.00 In Cloth, 1,25

This excellent work by an eminent composer, whose productions are characterized by sterling merit, will prove a valuable acquisition to the collection of individuals and societies. It is published in good time for early fall practice, and will no doubt be produced in good style in public by musical Societies in various localities during the ensuing winter.

